

PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE

By ETHEL HUESTON

(Bobbs-Merrill, Copyright, 1916)

PRUDENCE FINDS HERSELF BLUSHING AND BREATHLESS EVERY TIME SHE LOOKS INTO THE EYES OF HER HANDSOME RESCUER

Mr. Starr, widower Methodist minister at Mount Mark, In., has five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest, keeps house for him. Fairy is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school. Constance is the "baby." The activities of the Starr girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the pranks of the youngsters—and the family perplexities, make the story. It is simply a record of homely incidents glorified by affection. The preceding installment described the accident suffered by Prudence when she went for an early-morning bicycle ride and her rescue by a strange young man.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Oh—whatever will Mattle Moore say to me? It's borrowed. Oh, I see now, that it was just foolish pride that made me unwilling to ride during decent hours. What a dunce I was—as usual."

He looked at her curiously. This was beyond his comprehension. She explained and then was silent a while. "Fairy'll have to get breakfast, and she always gets father's eggs too hard." Silence again. "Maybe papa'll worry. But then, they know by this time that something always does happen to me, so they'll be prepared."

She turned gravely to the young man beside her. He was looking down at her, too. And as their eyes met, and clung for an instant, a slow, dark color rose in his face. Prudence felt a curious breathlessness—caused by her hurting ankle, undoubtedly.

"My name is Prudence Starr—I am the Methodist minister's oldest daughter."

"And my name is Jerrold Harmer." He was looking away into the hickory grove now. "My home is in Des Moines."

"Oh, Des Moines is quite a city, isn't it? I've heard quite a lot about it. You might tell me about Des Moines. Is it very nice? Are there lots of rich people there? Of course, I do not really care any more about rich people than the others, but it always makes a city seem grand to have a lot of rich citizens, I think. Don't you?"

So he told her about Des Moines, and Prudence lay with her eyes half-closed, listening, and wondering why there was more music in his voice than in most voices. Her ankle did not hurt very badly. She did not mind it at all. In fact, she never gave it a thought. From beneath her lids, she kept her eyes fastened on Jerrold Harmer's long brown hands, clasped loosely about his knees. And whenever she could, she looked up into his face. And always there was that curious catching in her breath, and she looked away again quickly, feeling that to look too long was dangerous.

"I have talked my share now," he was saying, "tell me all about yourself, and the parsonage, and your family. And who is Fairy? And do you attend the college at Mount Mark? You look like a college girl."

"Oh, I am not," said Prudence, reluctant to make the admission for the first time in her life. "I am too stupid to be a college girl. I left high school five years ago and have been keeping house for my father and sisters since then. I am twenty years old. How old are you?"

"I am twenty-seven," and he smiled. "Jerrold Harmer," she said slowly and very musically. "It is such a nice name. Do your friends call you Jerry?"

"The boys at school called me Rolie, and sometimes Hamme. But my mother always called me Jerry. She isn't living now, either. You call me Jerry, will you?"

"Yes, I will, but it won't be proper. But that never makes any difference to me, except when it might shock the members. You want me to call you Jerry, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. And when we are better acquainted, will you let me call you Prudence?"

"Call me that now. I can't be too particular, you see, when I am lying on your coat and pillow with your belongings. You might get cross, and take them away from me. Did you go to college?"

"Yes, to Harvard, but I was not much of a student. Then I knocked around a while, looking at the world, and two years ago I went home to Des Moines. I have been there ever since except for little runs once in a while."

Prudence sighed. "My sister Fairy is going to college now. She's very clever—oh, very. You'll like her, I am sure—much better than you do me, of course." Prudence was strangely downcast.

"I am sure I won't," said Jerrold Harmer, with unnecessary vehemence. "I don't care a thing for college girls. I like home girls." Jerrold flipped over abruptly, and lay on the grass, his face on his arms turned toward her face. They were quiet for a while, but their glances were clinging.

"No, I will only be there a few days, but I shall probably be back every week or so. Is your father very strict? Maybe he would object to your writing to me."

"Oh, he isn't strict at all. And he will be glad for me to write to you, I know. Is Des Moines just full of beautiful girls?"

"I should say not. I never saw a real beautiful girl in Des Moines in my life. Or any place else, for that matter, until I came—You know when you come right down to it, there are mighty few girls that look—just the way you want them to look."

Prudence nodded. "That's the way with men, too. Of all the men I have seen in my life, I never saw one before that looked just the way I wanted him to."

"Before?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes," said Prudence frankly. "You look just as I wish you to."

CHAPTER IX.

Father Starr Reads the Signs.

And in the meanwhile, at the parsonage, Fairy was patiently getting breakfast. "Prudence went out for an early bicycle ride, so the members wouldn't catch her," she explained to the family. "And she isn't back yet. She'll probably stay out until afternoon, and then ride right by the grocery store where the Ladies have their Saturday sale. That's Prudence, all over. Oh, father, I did forget your eggs again. I am afraid they are too hard. Here, twins, you carry in the oatmeal, and we will eat. No use to wait for Prudence. It would be like waiting for the next comet."

Indeed, it was nearly noon when a small, one-horse spring wagon drove into the parsonage yard. Mr. Starr



"Do Your Friends Call you Jerry?"

was in his study with a book, but he heard a piercing shriek from Connie, and a shrill "Prudence!" from one of the twins. He was downstairs in three leaps, and rushing wildly out to the little rickety wagon. And there was Prudence!

"Don't be frightened, father. I've just sprained my ankle, and it doesn't hurt hardly any. But the bicycle is broken, and we'll have to pay for it. You can use my own money in the bank. Poor Mr. Davis had to walk all the way to town, because there wasn't any room for him in the wagon with me lying down like this. Will you carry me in?"

Connie's single bed was hastily brought downstairs, and Prudence deposited upon it. "There's no use to put me upstairs," she assured them. "I won't stay there. I want to be down here where I can boss the girls."

The doctor came in, and bandaged the swollen purple ankle. Then they had dinner—they tried to remember to call it luncheon, but never succeeded! After that, the whole parsonage family grouped about the little single bed in the cheery sitting room.

"Whose coat is this, Prudence?" asked Connie.

"And where in the world did you get these towels and silk shirts?" added Fairy.

Prudence blushed most exquisitely. "They are Mr. Harmer's," she said, and glanced nervously at her father.

"Whose?" chorused the family.

"If you will sit down and keep still, I will tell you all about it. But you must not interrupt me. What time is it, Fairy?"

"Two o'clock."

"Oh, two. Then I have plenty of time," and in her own frank way, she told the story.

"Then Mr. Davis came along with his cart," she concluded, "and Jerry—

and the cart was so small they both had to walk."

"Where is he now?" "Is he young?" "Is he handsome?" "Did he look rich?"

"Don't be silly, girls. He went to the hotel, I suppose. Anyway, he left us as soon as we reached town. He said he was in a hurry, and had something to look after. His coat was underneath me in the wagon, and he wouldn't take it out for fear of hurting my ankle, so the poor soul is probably wandering around this town in his shirt sleeves."

Already, in the eyes of the girls, this Jerry—Harmer, had taken upon himself all the interest of the affair.

"He'll have to come for his coat," said Lark. "We're bound to see him."

"Where does he live? What was he doing in the hickory grove?" inquired Mr. Starr with a strangely sinking heart, for her eyes were alight with new and wonderful radiance.

"He lives in Des Moines. He was just walking into town, and took a short cut through the grove."

"Walking! From Des Moines?" Prudence flushed uncomfortably. "I didn't think of that," she said. "But I do not see why he should not walk if he likes. He's strong and athletic, and fond of exercise. I guess he's plenty able to walk if he wants to. I'm sure he's no tramp, father, if that is what you are thinking."

"I am not thinking anything of the kind, Prudence," he said with dignity. "But I do think it rather strange that a young man should set out to walk from Des Moines to Mount Mark. And why should he be at it so early in the morning? Doesn't he require sleep, as the rest of us do?"

"How should I know? I guess if he likes to be out in the morning when it is fresh and sweet, it is all right. I like the morning myself. He had as much right out early as I had. His clothes were nice, and he is a Harvard graduate, and his shoes were dusty, but not soiled or worn. Anyhow, he is coming at four o'clock. If you want to ask if he is a tramp, you can do it. And Prudence burst into tears."

Dramatic silence in the cheerful sitting room! Then Fairy began bustling about to bathe the face and throat of "poor little Prudence," and her father said sympathetically:

"You're all nervous and wrought up with the pain and excitement, Prudence. I'm glad he is coming so we can thank him for his kindness. It was mighty lucky he happened along, wasn't it? A Harvard graduate! Yes, they are pretty strong on athletics at Harvard. You'd better straighten this room a little and have things looking nice when he gets here," said Father Starr, with great diplomacy. And he was rewarded, and startled, by observing that Prudence brightened wonderfully at his words.

"Yes, do," she urged eagerly. "Get some of the roses from the corner bush, and put them on the table there. And when you go upstairs, Fairy, you'd better bring down that little lace spread in the bottom drawer of our dresser. I'll look very nice on this bed. Work hard, girls, and get everything looking fine. He'll be here at four, he said. You twins may wear your white dresses, and Connie must put on her blue and wear her blue bows. Fairy, do you think it would be all right for you to wear your silk dress? Of course, the silk is rather grand for home, but you do look so beautiful in it. Father, will you put on your black suit, or are you too busy? And don't forget to wear the pearl cuff buttons Aunt Grace sent you."

The fever-few will stand the winter and will need itself. It begins to bloom during the month of June. Foxglove, monkshood and larkspur are also among the possibilities for the bald place. And then there are hollyhocks and almost any of the lily family.

Bleeding heart grows and blossoms in the shade and rose bushes will thrive in the zone where there is half shade and half light.

It is always necessary to plan for the garden during the days when the weather and the cold blasts make it impossible to work out of doors. A little study of the possibilities during the idle weeks will prepare the amateur for a campaign in the open that will get astonishing results.

Of course, one should have impressed the fact that it is not possible to accomplish everything at once. A simple, well-studied program, taking into consideration the kind of plants with which the best results are obtained in your particular section, is sure to bring gratifying results.

If the worker knows just exactly in advance what is to be done, the actual execution of the plans becomes more a matter of pleasure than of toil.

I am firmly of the opinion that there isn't a spot of any size in any section that cannot be made to show artistic results if the proper amount of intelligent study is given to its improvement—and the proper amount of study is precious little.

The main thing is to decide to do something.

Do you think that the stranger is what he says he is? In that case, why should he be walking from Des Moines to Mount Mark, and why out so early? Might he not be an adventurer?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THESE SHOES WEAR 25 YEARS

They Are Made of Grass and Are Still Worn by Natives in Parts of Portugal and Spain.

Esparto shoes, or shoes made of the toughest and strongest of the coarse esparto fibers, are still worn in Iberia and parts of Portugal. There is no shoe made which will outlast them, not excepting leather shoes. Indeed, one pair of esparto shoes has been known to outwear a dozen tanned hide shoes.

This is due to their faculty of picking up and retaining in their interstices stony particles. As fast as the pebbles are worn out they are replaced automatically by others. This a self-cleaning process is constantly going on. It is not uncommon in some parts of Spain or Portugal to hear the natives boast of wearing a pair of esparto shoes for 25 years or more.

Honey in Jewish History.

The numerous references to honey in the Bible are due to its being the common sweetener of the people; and to this day the Jews, who are fine old crusty conservatives, use honey in cooking where other people use sugar. Still, it had a certain distinction, and was used as the symbol of fruitfulness and plenty. When Jeroboam's wife tried to propitiate the prophet she took him ten loaves, two cakes and a cruse of honey. When Jesus reappeared to his disciples they tested his reality by giving him a piece of broiled fish and some honeycomb to eat. As for John the Baptist, it is known to all that his common food consisted of locusts and wild honey.

A factory in Spain is making paper and pulp from esparto grass.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery

Their Care and Cultivation



A Beautifully Thought-Out Garden.

WORKING IN THE SHADE

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN.

There is hardly a garden plot of any size that does not possess some spot that resembles the back of an elderly bachelor's head when the hair has started to point toward the advisability of purchasing a toupee. Always one finds these bald spots under the shade of trees, or where the sun has little chance to make its influence felt.

It is what might be called a "back-yard" effect, because the shady nook is peculiarly the property of the back-yard. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon the sun takes a peep under the branches of the trees. At other times the umbrella-like big fellows keep the ground free from the life-making rays.

Early in the spring, before the leaves come, the bare spots are sure to have some sun. That is the signal to plant bulbs in the autumn so as to be ready for the sun. By scattering crocus bulbs and letting them fall as they will, one gets a better effect than by carefully arranging them in rows. While tulips, narcissus, white, lavender and yellow crocuses and some native growths that are almost of the weed family may be utilized.

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The Use of Ivy, Flower Boxes and Pines Around This Home Added to Its Beauty.

UPSALA CENTER OF SWEDEN

Country's Most Ancient City, and Vastly Rich in the Nation's History and Tradition.

In all things save the most modern, Upsala is the center of Sweden. In point of education, of religion and of history and tradition, this little city overshadows Stockholm. It is so old that the old gods themselves are said to be buried there.

Old Upsala lies a mile or two away from the more modern city; it is set upon the very ashes of other times. Digging in the earth underfoot brings to light the crude implements of people, our theory, as well as the better-furnished weapons that the Norsemen of the early centuries knew how to wield so well. There are three great mounds or barrows still left at old Upsala, and these are sometimes said to be the tombs of three of the old gods of Norse mythology.

The present city of Upsala is cut in two by the River Fyris. On the sloping hill to the westward, surrounded by less important buildings, stand the greatest cathedral and the greatest university in Sweden. The other half of the city is given over to modest dwellings, but from any vantage point on the hillside they make a pretty sight with their characteristic northern neatness and clean lines.

The life of the town is strongly colored by the university folk. The student is readily recognizable by his black-trimmed white velvet cap; and he is everywhere, of course, for he makes up about a tenth of the population. Your typical Swedish university man is an athlete and a songster, especially noted for his fine, full choruses. The distant singing of a dozen lusty young voices on a moonlight winter night is one of the most characteristic sounds of Upsala, and one of the little things encountered here and there that stick in the memory.

The great brick cathedral is the other striking institution of Upsala. Here lie buried several of Sweden's old warrior kings, and here, too, is the tomb of Linnaeus, the father of botany, who was a professor at the university. Before the tomb of Linnaeus is a receptacle filled deep with the cards of famous men who have visited his tomb. Indeed, for long it was something of a custom for European botanists to visit Upsala on the anniversary of the birth of Linnaeus. There is something singularly fitting and attractive in this idea of science making pilgrimages to the tombs of her prophets.

Fortunes to Servants.

Recently a woman who died in Buckinghamshire at the age of eighty-nine left her fortune of £80,000 to her coachman, and the late Lord Burton left £40,000 in annuities to his servants, while the proprietor of a Leicester square restaurant left his woman bookkeeper close upon £100,000. The dowager duchess of Wilton left several large bequests to her servants, including the sum of £250,000 to her maid. A Hove surgeon left his fortune to his housekeeper and the very same year a lady in the North of England left her companion £40,000. A Liverpool shipowner left £100,000 and remembered in his will every person in his employ both at home and at the office. His legacies ranged from £50,000 to his manager to £100 to his office boy. Some years ago a British magnate, after leading his wife to believe herself sole legatee, left her one shilling and bequeathed £72,000 to others, including £3,500 to a servant whom his wife specially disliked. Of all forms of petty spite the vindictive will is the meanest. Now and then someone gets good reward for short service. A Scottish iron master who died recently had been entertained in his sickroom by a Scottish piper who played his favorite reels and lamented and strathspeys to his satisfaction. He left the skirl of the pipes £10,000.—London Mail.

How Efficiency Works.

The manager of a large eastern factory has been quoted as saying: "The benefits from scientific management derived by our employees in the making of paper and paper boxes—and we have been working under it only two and one-half years—are: Average increase in wages, 15 per cent; reduction in working hours, 10 per cent; a feeling of greater confidence in that the tasks set by means of a scientific study of the work are known by the employee to be accurate."

A recent test on machines producing 85 per cent of our boxes shows the difference between the time allowed for two thousand hours of work and the time actually taken was less than three-fourths of an hour.

"It has been said by opponents that individuality is lessened or taken away. Our experience has been exactly the reverse."

Pisgah Forest Sanctuary.

Pisgah federal game preserve—the first of its kind east of the Mississippi river—has been created by a proclamation of the president. The Pisgah national forest, consisting mainly of the George W. Vanderbilt estate, in the western part of North Carolina, which has always been a sportsman's paradise, will now become more than that—a sanctuary. Hereafter no hunting will be allowed within its limits, and a movement is now on foot to place a herd of elk and one of buffalo in the preserve, to be perpetuated in the sanctuary thus provided for other game animals, birds and fishes.—Recreation.

Sailent.

The word sailent means (1) standing out prominently, conspicuous; striking; as sailent features of a landscape; sailent points of an argument. (2) Thrust or bent beyond the general line; projecting, as a sailent angle. A sailent angle is a convex angle, that is, an angle considered greater than the sum of two right angles, being measured by an arc that exceeds a semi-circle.

For Your Desk.

A sheet of corrugated paper is a handy thing for your desk to hold wet pens or brushes. The paper absorbs the liquid and the corrugations hold the pens or brushes in handy position.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets tonight; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

The Game Keeper.

It was the morning after the night before and he was not in bed reaching for a pitcher of ice water.

He was behind the bars of the city prison and he gazed outside with a woeful look in his eyes.

"Hey, there," he shouted, as he grabbed the bars. "I want to see the game keeper."

"What do you think you are?" asked the turnkey. "This is not a zoo, it's the city prison, as you will find out before you get out."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Robbing the Cradle.

Reports from Maine show that 1,750,000 young balsam firs were shipped from the state this year to be used as Christmas trees. The first shipment of Christmas trees from Maine began about a dozen years ago and the number sent out was about 500. Maine is a large state and her forests are vast, but if the Christmas tree industry continues to grow or, indeed, keeps on at the present rate, it will not be many years before this wholesale destruction of the young trees and the extensive lumbering that is going on will exhaust her forest resources. It is well to begin to have an eye to the future.—Springfield Union.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head.

Because of its tonic and invigorating effect, Iodoquin Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Iodoquin Quinine." R. W. GUYON'S signature is on each box. Be.

High Cost of Snowballing.

Six young boys standing on the main street of a suburban city, about to start a snowball fight, in the vicinity of two or three stores with large windows.

One of the youngsters: "Aw, wait a minute. Let's go over to a side street. These windows cost \$100 apiece."—Boston Transcript.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, whitens the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Worse.

"It was cruel fate when even his hairdresser cut Smith's acquaintance." "It was worse than cruel—it was barberous."

Cupid makes a mistake when he crafts a bud on an old shrub.

A Mother's Burden

A mother who suffers kidney trouble, finds it hard to keep up her daily work. Lameness, backache, sharp pains when stooping and "blue," nervous or dizzy spells, make home life dreary. Active kidneys bring back vigor, health and a pleasure in family duties. If the kidneys are weak try a box of Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. C. A. May, 1442 N. Third St., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was bothered by disordered kidneys. My back was weak and ached as if it would break. I tried to straighten it out by using a brace, but it didn't help. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and they did me all these troubles."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

NICE CARRY DISEASE

Kill These Pests By Using STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

U. S. Government Buys It

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and \$1.00

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 25c and 50c at Drug Stores.